Shall Brothers Be....

AN ACCOUNT, WRITTEN BY AMERICAN AND BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR, OF THEIR TREATMENT IN P·O.W. CAMPS IN KOREA.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.
——Robert Burns

The Chinese People's Committee for World Peace

SHALL BROTHERS BE...

An account, written by American and British prisoners of war, of their treatment at the hands of the Chinese People's Volunteers and Korean People's Army in P.O.W. camps in Korea.

The Chinese People's Committee for World Peace
Peking 1952

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FOREWORD

In this booklet American, British and other prisoners of war in Korea describe how they are being treated by the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers. In their own words, the P.O.W.s tell of how from the moment of their capture they received nothing but humane and considerate treatment at the hands of their captors.

Their story is told in letters to relatives and to editors of home-town newspapers, in Christmas and other messages which were wire-recorded in the camps and broadcast to their families by short-wave transmission from Radio Peking, in statements describing their treatment in the camp hospitals, and letters and articles which describe everyday life in the camps and how they celebrated Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day, etc.

Many of the writers recall that prior to going into action it was the customary practice for their officers to lecture to them about the fate that would befall them should they be captured. They were told that they would either be summarily shot or subjected to horrible torture. These lectures were intended to be

morale-boosters to imbue in them the idea that it was far preferable to fight to the death than to surrender or to allow themselves to be captured.

One can scarcely blame the Amercian-led soldiers, who knew of their own side's barbarous treatment of prisoners, for being fooled by such lying lectures. This explains why, in instance after instance in the following accounts the P.O.W.s commence by describing their very real fear at the moment of their capture by Korean or Chinese soldiers and their surprise and bewilderment when instead of being killed or subjected to torture they met with kindness and humane treatment.

However, there is nothing in this policy of humane treatment for war prisoners that need occasion surprise. China and Korea are New People's Democracies. The Chinese and Korean people are fighting a just, patriotic war in defence of their national independence and their right to peaceful construction of their country. They are fighting shoulder to shoulder to safeguard world peace by teaching the imperialist interventionists a sharp lesson that the latter cannot possibly break peace and invade another country with impunity. The officers and soldiers of the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers are educated and trained in the spirit of patriotism and internationalism, presenting a sharp contrast to the jingoism and chauvinism of the imperialist interventionists; while in battle, they give no quarter, they understand perfectly well that it is their duty to treat war prisoners in a humane manner.

Such treatment does not betoken a policy of weakness. It does not represent a policy inspired by soft-hearted sentimentality. Nor is it a policy designed to serve "propaganda" purposes as is sometimes alleged. It is a policy arising from a consciousness of strength and great moral superiority over the debased and degenerate imperialist warmongers. It is a constructive policy of class brotherhood based on a correct understanding of the character of the war now going on in Korea. The American imperialists and the Wall Street bloodsuckers and warmongers stand to gain at the expense of the common soldiers who are doing the fighting in Korea. The enemy soldiers in Korea have been misled into fighting an unjust imperialist war of aggression, from which they have nothing to gain and everything to lose. Therefore once the enemy soldiers lay down their arms and become prisoners of war, they are accorded dignified humane treatment as unfortunate and misguided victims of imperialist intrigues and warmongering in spite of the fact that some of them have committed the vilest atrocities against the Korean people.

As is so clearly evidenced by the writers, the war prisoners in the camps in Korea have become convinced by their personal experience that the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers are politically conscious warriors fighting for the independence of their motherland.

They are equally convinced that it is their own imperialist rulers who drove them to fight thousands of miles away from their homes, and not they them-

selves who are regarded as the enemies of the Korean and Chinese peoples.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM A P.O.W.

My life as a P.O.W. began slightly over seven months ago when I crawled out of a stream, a dripping, muddy figure and surrendered to the Chinese People's Volunteers. I was far too tired to be scared, the only emotion I experienced was one of sheer relief to be out of the cold water. My pals and I were taken away by some very affable Chinese soldiers who rolled some cigarettes for our small party and also gave us water. The C.P.V.s chatted to us, but of course we could not understand them—eventually, by making signs with their hands, we got their meaning. No attempt was made to harm us in any way—although we were searched, our belongings were returned. This struck me as peculiar. Even when a circling "Corsair" came down like a plummet and strafed Chinese troops in our vicinity still no attempt to harm us developed, they remained the same. Had I been in their place I should have most certainly sworn at our captives, maybe even have gone a step further.

A Strange Bewilderment

It then struck me that the C.P.V.'s responsible for our capture deliberately took as many P.O.W.s as possible and refrained from shooting, even when the military situation strongly warranted this step. There became born in my mind a strange bewilderment. Why should we be treated this way? Why weren't we bullied or beaten? The commander of the guard detachment gave us an introductory speech one day—his opening phrase was, "Friends of the 29th Brigade"—again my curiosity was roused, he called us "Friends," when a few days ago both sides were locked in combat. I gave it up and decided that his attitude was for purely propaganda purposes. On the whole the march was no picnic—who could expect it to be anyway?

At regular intervals we rested up for periods of one to seven days, we were in no condition to continue non-stop. On these occasions, much to our joy, we were issued with tobacco; this offered a most welcome relief.

By the end of the month we had become pretty well acquainted with our guards and had pet nicknames for them. Smiles were in evidence all the time, they even gave us tobacco from their personal issue and accepted nothing in return.

We Were Sceptical

One day an English-speaking Chinese gave us some details about our camp, naturally we were atten-

tive listeners, he told us that we would get regular issues of tobacco and sugar and maybe bread instead of rice when we got there. Frankly we were all sceptical, who wouldn't be? Smiles of unbelief were apparent on every face—we chuckled to ourselves and asked, "What next," or "What are they up to?".

One day in June our guards told us that we had but one day's march to camp. This news cheered us up and we put our best foot forward—so to speak. The guards seemed as impatient to get there as we were—they were tired too!

Next afternoon we made camp. Thank God we had at last got there. We stretched out in the sun and relaxed while waiting for the routine inspection. What an unutterable relief we all felt. At long last we were here—no more marching, no more stumbling over rocks in the dark, no more climbing over hills and mountains.

It came to me quite suddenly—where is the barbed wire? Where are the sentry boxes, the searchlights? My idea of a P.O.W. camp was one which I had associated with personal experience in Germany. Those camps had an abundance of barbed wire, tall sentry boxes at the corners of the compounds—usually with a machine gun mounted in them, searchlights at strategic positions and steel-helmeted sentries pacing steadily along their beat. All this was missing. Once again doubts came, was this really the camp? Yes! this was Camp No. 3, an amazing, but perfectly true fact.

Promises Come True

All I could see was an ordinary Korean township, lying in a large fertile valley on the bank of a swift flowing river. The hills were high and were covered with shrubs and trees, a picturesque scene. My thoughts were in a whirl, nothing that made sense would materialise. The faces around me reflected these thoughts too—grasping a situation like this took more than our minds were capable of. What a quandary we were in. Almost every sentence we uttered was preceded by that one word—why. However, we were to learn the answers shortly, when we were told the reason for this treatment called the Lenient Treatment Policy. The majority of us were in doubt over several points. By 5 p.m. we had been dealt with and fed; given rooms to sleep in and also blankets.

Early the following day the first of the promises came true. We were issued with sugar and tobacco. A discussion among ourselves followed this and we still concluded that this was done for propaganda purposes. Within a few days an organised life came into being, we were settling in rapidly. The food was far above our expectations. What a day that Sunday proved to be when we were issued with flour for dumplings and chipaties with our pork.

Spirits improved as time went on. We did not have to look about furtively before going anywhere, or talk like convicts out of the corner of our mouths.

Our lives improved. New clothing was given us, tooth brushes, towels and soap followed in succession,

soon a library was running. Committees were formed to organise our daily life and many amenities made available to us. Not only did our daily life improve materially but friendship grew between ourselves and the Chinese instructors and staff—this friendship is as equally important as material gains. Without friendship no understanding could be reached between us, without understanding no interest or pleasant atmosphere would prevail—as is so at the moment of writing.

Morale and health improved as our menus grew more varied. Tedious ailments gradually disappeared, we began to gain weight and felt better in ourselves.

Lenient Treatment Policy

Leisure hours were passed away playing games, swimming or sunbathing. The river is right on our doorstep and many pleasant afternoons were spent in the sun dozing, chatting or idly watching the swallows skimming over the river's ruffled surface. This helped us to forget we were P.O.W.s for a few fleeting hours. To relax in this manner was very helpful, it gave our minds, usually full of contradictory and conflicting thoughts, a much desired rest.

And then we were told about the Lenient Treatment Policy—now we were interested! All the "whys" and "where-fores" came to light and we finally realized that this policy is adopted for our benefit and the benefit of all P.O.W.s of the differing nationalities.

The advent of a Chinese Red Cross medical team improved the treatment of the sick men a great deal.

Really serious cases were now getting the best possible treatment. This I consider, was a big step in cementing our friendship.

Hand of Friendship

Mail began to arrive in camp—the incoming letters were written in the hope that the addressees were alive and well as at that time our letters had not yet reached their destination. The excitement was tremendous when the names were called out. Faces lit up and eyes glowed with pleasure. I promised myself that when a reply arrived to the letters I had written my trust would be complete. My disappointment was terrific when, on the next mail issue, there was none for me. I had pinned my hopes on one. Finally that day came—my emotions were indescribable, a tremendous weight was lifted from my shoulders. All those little nagging worries and anxieties went in a flash. I was indeed a happy man that day. It's remarkable what a few pages from home can do. I was on top of the world. Petty doubts were eliminated, my trust in the C.P.V.s was complete.

To those who still scoff at it let me say to them, "imagine yourselves under Japanese domination and draw a comparison." The Chinese Lenient Policy has truly proved to us that China is capable of offering the hand of friendship to all nations as a token of mutual trust and sincere and everlasting peace.

Pt. P. R. Tozer, 22530088
56 Bassaley Rd.
Monmouthshire, England

"NOT AT ALL WHAT THE COLONEL SAID WOULD HAPPEN"

I consider myself to be an average P.O.W. and am sure that my story is similar to that of thousands of other men who find themselves prisoners of the Korean People's Army and the Chinese Volunteers. I landed in Korea the first day of April and joined the Third Division. On arriving at this point my Group received a lecture from a Colonel concerning battle conditions and what to expect should we be captured.

He told of many atrocities committed by the Chinese and Koreans, such as having your hands tied behind you and being shot in the head, or else possibly being tortured to death. He added it would be better to fight till the death rather than surrender. I listened to his tales of horror and decided then and there that I should fight to the bitter end if I ever faced capture.

The following day we left for the front lines and joined our units. For a few weeks things went rather smoothly and I did not face any heavy action until

about the twenty-fourth when everything seemed to break loose at once. My Unit was forced to fall back to prepared positions where we were expected to hold out against all attacks.

The Chinese Volunteers rushed forward and took us prisoner, and I expected to meet my fate at any moment. Much to my surprise, after giving up our weapons, we were treated very kindly. One of the Chinese soldiers took some of his own food and shared it with us. I didn't eat much for I was still suspicious and couldn't understand these actions. This wasn't at all what the Colonel said would happen. Instead of death we received food; instead of torture, cigarettes. My doubts were fast fading away but I still refused to place my complete confidence in them.

No Barbed Wire

We were marched to a place a short distance away where there was a volunteer who spoke English. He told us we would not be harmed and that we would start our trip to the prison camp immediately. Because of the long duration of our trip I didn't believe there even was a prison camp. After many days of travel my doubts came crashing down once more for we arrived at the camp and were given food and rest.

My ideas about a prison camp had to be revised also. No barbed wire enclosed us and only a few guards were to be seen. Day by day conditions improved, the quality of the food became much better

and besides we got more of it. Rations of sugar and tobacco were issued every three days, new clothes and toilet articles were given to us. In a short time we began to look like new men. Daily exercise was given to keep us physically fit. The only work we did was for our own benefit, such as gathering our firewood, repairing the houses we lived in and anything which might be necessary to keep our sanitary conditions on a high level. One might think we were ignorant of world affairs, but such is not the case. The library is stocked with English language books and newspapers from England and the United States and also China. We have a loud speaker system which keeps us up to date on happenings of the outside world as well as in our own camp. Instead of being treated as prisoners we are treated as equals, it is nothing to see the volunteers and the G.I.'s playing ball games together or discussing various topics. After months of such treatment if anyone doubted that the volunteers were working for our interests and comfort they were soon dispelled for we have all just recently received a new winter uniform complete with cap, gloves, shoes, jacket, pants, socks and underwear, and our food has improved even more.

If anyone back home thinks we are ill treated I wish they could see how happily we are all working and playing together. An air of friendship prevails between us, American, British and Chinese alike, our main interest is the same, peace, not only here in Korea but for all the peoples of the world.

Norman Wilmer, 5500293[illegible].

OUR LIFE IN P.O.W. CAMP NO. 3

Wars have come and wars have passed by and yet it seems that prisoners of war have always been more or less badly treated. Now another war has come to torment us with the same old stories of death, destruction and misery but there is one bright spot that can give us hope, that will show us that there are civilised people who can act humanely even while engaged in a life and death struggle. Basing their opinions on treatment received by prisoners in past wars perhaps our parents and loved ones are imagining all kinds of torture and hardships being perpetrated upon us while in fact the exact opposite is true in our case. Yes, this is the one feature that differs greatly from other wars. Instead of starvation and maltreatment we get good food and thoughtful consideration from the understanding Chinese friends. You may well say, "This is nothing but a lot of talk, give me some concrete facts," so perhaps the best way to stop your worries and ease your minds is to tell you about my own life here in this prison camp for it might be the story of anyone of my buddies here also.

The group I was in arrived in this camp by truck on the evening of June 27th, 1951. Our journey had been a long and tiresome one. On the way some of the men were sick but they were immediately given medical attention. We all were given hot food and a warm place to sleep. With the ache of hunger relieved sleep was welcomed by all. The next day after eating our breakfast we were given soap, tooth brush and tooth powder. A short distance from our houses a cool stream drifted by and all of us enjoyed the first bath we had had for many a day. After bathing new clean uniforms were given to us and we boiled out our old clothing and washed them. For a few days all we did was eat, sleep and rest then we began to take morning exercise and also participated in ball games among ourselves and with the volunteers. Sometimes in the morning we would take a trip to the mountain to gather the firewood necessary to prepare our meals.

Sunday was a day of rest, that is after we cleaned and aired out our rooms and blankets. This was the day we had our special meal which consisted of fish fried in flour dough, pork and fried bread or dough balls. That was several months ago. Now such a meal is a daily occurence.

Since my arrival here the volunteers have observed several of their national holidays and they did not forget us prisoners at these times. We were invited to join in their celebrations which we were happy to do. Tournaments of basketball and volleyball and

various other contests were arranged for our enjoyment with prizes provided for all contestants, winners and losers alike. Musical entertainment, on instruments provided by the volunteers, livened up the proceedings immensely. In the eyes of the G.I.'s the big item as always was food. A big banquet was given during the celebrations. Just imagine a prisoner of war sitting down to a meal of pork, fish, eggs, clams, onions, chicken and wine, then afterwards going to see moving pictures. Doesn't sound possible but it's true.

As time passed we came to consider the Chinese Volunteers as our friends for they always seemed to be working for our benefit. Long after we had gone to bed they worked to plan ways and means to make life better for us. They sent for and received athletic equipment, musical instruments, playing cards, games, books and magazines. All of this ensured our mental and physical alertness. They often join in our games and have mastered the games we call American.

Now that you know how well we are being treated, another question must leap to your mind. Why should the Chinese and Koreans treat us as friends who once fought against them? What is the reason? The reason is quite simple when you understand the true nature of the Chinese Volunteers and Korean People's Army. They have no hatred of the common American people. They only hate aggression and have pledged themselves to fight against it to protect their homelands and to preserve the peace. Their main goal is to fight and work for the good of the common labouring

people They realize that we prisoners come from the working class people so we are brothers of the same class and there can be no contradictions between us for we are all striving for the same thing, peace and a better life for all. Knowing all this we await the day of our release with no fear for all our wants are taken care of. When that day arrives I'm sure all of us will look back upon the volunteers as our good friends, tried and true.

Richard Anthony Petersen
Pfc. E. R. 55003142
321 N. Sixth Street
Ishpeming, Michigan

P. O. W.s BROADCAST CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO FAMILIES

In response to requests from the P.O.W. camps the China Peace Committee arranged with Radio Peking to broadcast Xmas messages from the P.O.W.'s. Wire-recordings of these were made in the camps and were broadcast from December 2nd onwards in each of the three daily English language transmissions. Hundreds of such messages went out over the air.

Below we give a short selection of these.

Private First Class James (Jimmy) R. Young, R.A. 18334686, to his mother, Mrs. A. L. Young, Route 2, Box 14, Queen City, Texas:

"Mother, I received a letter from you on the 30th of October, so I am going to tell you just how friendly the Chinese Volunteers treat us here in the P.O.W. camp and all other P.O.W. camps. I am telling you this because in the letter I received from you, you seem to be worried about how they treat me here and you wanted to know if I am in friendly hands or not.

"Well, you might have heard a lot of propaganda about us being maltreated. We are not maltreated in any way. The Chinese Volunteers treat us as friends.

"Well, Mother, I wish you a very Happy and Merry Christmas and Happy New Year also. In this coming year let's hope we can have peace and make it a peaceful year for everyone in the world."

Lieutenant John W. Thornton, 391003, U.S. Navy, to his wife, Mrs. John W. Thornton, at 1026 Vankirk Street, Philadelphia 24, Pennsylvania:

"How are you and everyone at home? I am fine, in good health, and hope you all have a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and that we'll be together soon. Write if you can. I love and miss my little family very much."

Captain Sidney Esensten, 0-1766261, to his wife, Mrs. Sidney Esensten, 5412 Logan Avenue, South Minneapolis 19, Minnesota:

"The Chinese Volunteers are giving me this opportunity to make this recording to wish you, Bill and Dick, a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I miss you and the children very much. You are in my thoughts constantly. I am still well and hope all of you are the same."

Captain William (Bill) R. Shadish, O-976688, to his wife, Mrs. W. R. Shadish, 135-16 Horace Harding Boulevard, Flushing, New York:

"Since I have received no mail from you to date, the Chinese Volunteers, who had captured me in December 1950, have given me this opportunity to make this broadcast message.

"I am in good health and am being treated well. I want to wish you and the children, Bill and Mary Elizabeth, a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I love you very much."

P.O.W.s Greet China Peace Committee

British and American prisoners of war in Korea have sent greetings to the China Peace Committee. They express appreciation for the Committee's constant struggle for peace and its courtesy in both forwarding the men's mail and, in cooperation with Radio Peking, making it possible for the men to speak on wire-recordings to their families and friends.

On behalf of 114 American P.O.W.s, Rufus E. Douglas writes:

"We, the members of the 1st Platoon of the 3rd Company in a P.O.W. camp in North Korea, wish to convey our heartiest thanks for all the trouble you have been going through in forwarding our mail to and from our loved ones, and your constant struggle for world peace.

"Also, we would like to thank you and Radio Peking for enabling us to talk to our folks and friends back home at this special time.

1st Lt. Paul T. O'Dowd, O-955768, U.S. Army, to his wife, Mrs. Dorothy O'Dowd, at 1687 33rd Avenue, San Francisco, California:

"I was captured on February 12, 1951 by the Chinese People's Volunteers. I have received good treatment and am in good health. I hope to be home soon. Give my love to the boys. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Captain Harry F. Hedlund, AO-772366, to his wife, Mrs. Patricia L. Hedlund, 132 Ellis Place, Fullerton, California:

"I hope you and the kids are having a very Merry Christmas. Boswell and I are both in very good health, and hope to be back home very soon. Tell Larry, Tommy and Chris to be good boys for me. I miss you all very much. Hope you will write and send some pictures of everyone."

Corporal Fred W. Porter, R.A. 19360788, to Mrs. Bennie L. Lynk, 13303 McKinley Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A.

"The Chinese Volunteers and Korean People's Army have set up wonderful recreational facilities for us, in fact our Company has the championship team. Mother, please, don't be fooled into thinking what we are being treated badly. No doubt this is what you have heard, just like at first I thought when I was captured I would be killed. But, instead, I was told to lower my hands, and was extended a handshake

and patted on the back. I am safe and sound far behind the lines. I want you to read my words to the family and friends of our community, and tell them all to do everything they can in the interest of peace."

Marine A. Condron to Mum, Dad and all the family at 90 Stuart Terrace, Bathgate, West Lothian, Scotland:

"Well folks, I am very glad to be given this opportunity to speak to you once again and I wish to express my gratitude to the China Peace Committee and Peking Radio for making this broadcast possible.

"I have received letters from Dad, Rena, Sonnie and Marie and I myself have written several times so I hope you are receiving them O.K. The treatment we receive here is excellent and we are treated not as enemies or prisoners—but as brothers. Personally, I can vouch for the sincerity for peace of the Chinese People's Volunteers and I only wish that 50 million British people knew just what I know—believe me there would be no talk then of wars, atom bombs, international tension etc."

Part of the message addressed by Sergeant Allen to his father, Mr. Wyatt Allen, Box 103, Gelliam, Missouri, follows:

"I am still well and O.K. My health is about as good as it would be at home. The Chinese Volunteers have improved the camp life more than a hundred per cent since last spring. We have been issued new

winter clothing and our houses have been repaired and new houses built. We have plenty of food and we have meat also so you don't have to worry about me and my health. I am a member of the basketball team and I can play a complete game at top speed so you can see I am O.K.

Mrs. K. Barbour, living at 9 Hamilton Street Londonderry, Northern Ireland, was sent this message by her son Corporal Hugh Barbour, 22271021, of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Ulster Rifles:

"I am glad to hear you received my letters, Gosh, you will hardly know me when I come home again, I am about 13-stone weight, and I never felt as fit in my life, I am glad to hear everyone at home is keeping well. By the way, this is only October and I received your letters posted in September.

"I hope you all have a very pleasant Christmas at home. We are having a big feast, and a variety show. I run the concerts in our company, and we have some good shows. It's surprising the talent we get, of course we have the American lads to help out. I do wish you all at home a bright New Year, and do pray that we have peace for 1952. Not temporarily, but lasting peace. Cheerio for now, Mother, hoping to be home for the next year. God bless you all at home. Give my regards to all the people of Hamilton Street."

Sergeant Alan B. Robertson, of the U.S. 8th Cavalry Division described how he was cut off and

captured. Speaking on a wire-recording made in the P.O.W. camp, which was brought to Peking and heard over Radio Peking, he said:

"The next day we hear many bugles and then we see many soldiers coming up the top of our ridge; again we are surrounded. So we throw away our weapons and raise our hands, expecting each minute to be shot. As soon as we have surrendered the Chinese Volunteers give us cigarettes and shake hands with us, they are all very happy it seems because we surrendered and they didn't have to kill us. They take us to a warm house and give us hot food. We had not had any food or cigarettes for five days and the food was sure good.

"We are told that now that we have surrendered we are no longer enemies but friends, for they know that we did not ask to come to Korea.

"If only I had known all these things at the beginning I would have surrendered a lot sooner and would not have worried myself sick, we know also that the Chinese Volunteers are fighting only to protect their own borders and the Chinese are our friends and really want peace.

"I am very glad and happy that I am able to see and know for myself the real feelings and desires of the Chinese people as represented by the volunteers. I am alive, well and in good health. I have not been mistreated in any way, I am glad I have surrendered, for now I know as soon as peace has been won I'll be going home, thanks to the Chinese volunteer army."

HOW WE SPENT CHRISTMAS

By Cpl HANSEN

To the average person who has no previous conception of a P.O.W.'s life or bases their ideas on others' past experience, they would think that the Christmas holiday would be a rather sad and dreary affair. Here is a story about the Christmas spent by the prisoners in P.O.W. Camp No. 3. It will force many people to change their minds about how the prisoners of the Chinese Volunteers are being treated.

Three days before Christmas we were busy preparing for the holiday. Evergreen boughs were cut and brought to our various companies and arches were built over the entrances of the company areas and each squad room. Coloured paper was issued to every squad to decorate the arches and Christmas trees that were set up outside rooms. Slogans were printed on the walls and also placed in the arches such as, "Only by obtaining everlasting peace can we enjoy all the Christmases to come," "Blessed are the peace makers

for they shall be called the children of God," "Christmas comes but once a year yet only peace can bring good cheer." These and many other slogans reflected the men's heartfelt desire for peace.

Air of Expectancy

Such preparations brought out the holiday spirit in all the men. An air of expectancy seemed to hang over the camp as the big day drew near. Everyone felt gay and cheerful as gifts were given to every man. The squad leaders went to headquarters to draw Christmas rations and had to call for help from their squad. When they returned the pans were heaped with good things, candy, nuts, fruits and cookies. One of the squad leaders complained, "I couldn't carry it all by myself. What a load!"

Christmas Eve's supper was really something special. Extra large rations of pork, fish and gravy with plenty of good white bread filled everyone to the bursting point. Then, after this enjoyable meal, we went to the theatre to see a show put on by talent selected from among the men of the camp. There was a large variety of entertainers who put on a special performance designed to raise morale to a new height. Frank Quarles of Chicago and Coleman of Virginia put on several song and dance routines which were very amusing. Four British lads formed a barber shop quartette, English from East Ham, Godden from Hounslow, London, Bill Palfrey from Richmond and Gordon Roberts of Brighton. They sang, "Nelly Dean," "Lily

of Laguna" and "Bird in A Gilded Cage." Alfonzo Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, had a group which sang Negro spirituals. Daniels from California, Jackson from Pennsylvania contributed their efforts to make these spirituals truly inspiring. The Englishmen said this was something new to them. Bounden of Norwich, Norfolk, exclaimed, "It's different from anything I've ever heard but I never enjoyed anything more." Richard Wing, a female impersonator from Hunstandton, England, drew many oh's and ha's from the men along with the laughs. I heard some say he looked just like a state-side woman. Bill Sykes of Essex, London, was a clown, a real joker who provoked a great deal of laughter. Brisland from Berkley, Gloucestershire, drew caricatures from a few lines made on his sketch board by members of the audience. He was swift and skilful, his ability amazed all. Some Hawaiian boys put on a hula dance, grass skirts and all. A choir sang several Christmas carols, John W. Lee of Leyton, London, was the soloist. On the serious side, there were three short dramatic skits to satisfy those with a flair for drama. At the close of the programme, the whole cast joined in to sing, "Now Is the Hour." All the costumes and props needed were made by the performers. There were three continuous performances on Christmas night. A special performance was put on for the volunteers as they are intensely interested in all of our activities. Even though this was not one of their holidays, they joined with us actively to make this a truly Merry Christmas.

Just Like Home

The whole programme was put on as though it was a professional group, the timing was perfect and it went off so smoothly it amazed all who saw it.

After the show, we left the theatre. I told my buddies it was just like at home walking back from the movies. To hear the men laughing, talking and singing as they walked along, one would have a difficult time picturing them as prisoners of war. They talked of past Christmases and compared it with this one. Floyd and Green from Chicago were talking and Floyd said, "This Christmas was much better than last because I was on the frontlines then and you had no time for fun there." Green agreed, "Yes, and I never dreamed we'd have a Christmas as wonderful as this one." Croumbley from Philadelphia said, "I believe the Chinese Volunteers did everything possible to make this a joyful occasion." A boy from Holly, Michigan. De Smet, exclaimed. "This is the best Christmas I've had since I came overseas in 1948." Robertson of Illinois remarked, "If everyone in the world had as good a Christmas as this, they'd have a lot to be thankful for."

Religious Services

Early Christmas morning, religious services were held as small flakes of snow drifted softly to earth, creating a typical Christmas day scene. At eight o'clock, the Catholic men gathered around the loud-speakers to hear the carols "Silent Night" and "Little

Town of Bethlehem" after which Richard Petersen from upper Michigan read mass and gave a short sermon. After this, the choir sang "O Come All Ye Faithful" and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Immediately following this, the Protestant services were conducted by Roosevelt Williams, a Baptist minister from Chicago. He also gave a sermon and the hymns,

On behalf of 673 P.O.W.s of the 1st Company at P.O.W. Camp No. 3, the following message was addressed to the Commander of the Chinese People's Volunteers:

"We, the P.O.W.s of 1st Company, P.O.W. Camp No. 3, wish to express our sincere appreciation for the fine Christmas that was given us by the Chinese People's Volunteers. We also appreciated all efforts put forth by the Chinese People's Volunteers to make this occasion a success.

"We realise that this took tremendous efforts on the part of everybody concerned. This Christmas will remain in our memories forever."

"Is it well with your soul, how shall I send thee, Amazing Grace" were sung during the services.

Singing and music was coming over the speaker all day and the men continued making the rounds visiting friends. Once more, the squad leaders were called for and they brought back more gifts, socks and handkerchiefs which were inscribed "Merry Christmas" both in Chinese and English. Almost everyone decided

the handkerchiefs would make wonderful souvenirs to take back home. We had two more big meals that day, beef, mutton, pork, chicken and eggs also delicious gravy to go with the bread. All these things were immensely enjoyed as they were prepared by our own cooks just the way we wanted them. To top off these meals we had tea and wine.

Santa Claus

The Chairman of the Permanent Peace Committee, Tom Bayes of Texas, played a major role in the festivities. He decked himself out in a bright red coat and white whiskers to make a rather handsome Santa Claus. You could hear cries of amazement all over as he walked down the road passing out candy to the men and the Korean children. One of the boys hearing all the commotion stuck his head out the door to see what was going on. His eyes opened wide and he cried, "Well, I'll be damned! If it ain't Santa Claus." It seems strange to see grown men staring like wide-eyed children at the old man with the whiskers but they must be excused because I must admit that is the last thing I expected to see in a P.O.W. camp.

A Christmas such as this one, celebrated in such a manner by P.O.W.s, is enough to make a man believe in Santa Claus. But we all know that our Santa was the Chinese Volunteers and that Christmas is not just one day a year to them. Ever since I've been in this camp, they have been giving us the best things possible and treating us as good friends.

The average person would not understand this but we know the reason and it's really simple. The volunteers, just like ourselves, come from the labouring people, we are of the same class so why should we hold grudges against each other when we are all working for the same thing. We want the phrase "Peace on earth good will to men" to be a year round thing, every year, not just at Xmas.

Chinese Volunteers Release Large Number of P.O.W.s

KOREAN FRONT, Feb. 18, 1951—the Chinese People's Volunteers recently released a batch of 132 prisoners of war on the Han River front.

The released P.O.W.s were captured during the offensive launched by the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers at the beginning of the year.

They include 41 Americans, five British and three Australians. The rest were Syngman Rhee's puppet troops. Prior to their release, the P.O.W.s were given a farewell party and provided with travelling expenses.

A WONDERFUL DAY

(Each year the last Thursday in November is celebrated throughout America as Thanksgiving Day. In the P.O.W. camps the day was also marked by festivities. The following account of the celebration was transmitted from Radio Peking by a wire-recording made by 1st Lieutenant William D. Beall, 0-1341618, 'K' company, 9th infantry regt, 2nd infantry division, as a message to his wife, Mrs. Joyce Beall, P.O. Box 173, Hognas Ville, Georgia.)

"I'd like to tell you how I spent my Thanksgiving this year in a P.O.W. hospital. Dawn: November the 29th, 1951, somewhere in North Korea. Thanksgiving Day.

"Back home, the day of prayer and feasting. Wish I was there to help celebrate. Oh, well, I guess I'll get a little more sleep before breakfast.

"Eight o'clock now. Beds all made and everyone's washed up. Too bad we have to miss that Stateside breakfast this morning. Oh, here comes chow already. Huh, for a minute I thought I heard someone

say—well, I'll be doggoned, it is chicken fricassee and plenty of it, too. Maybe this won't turn out to be such a bad day after all. . . .

"Ten o'clock and time for our church services, a simple programme we worked up among ourselves, but no group of Americans anywhere has more to be thankful for than we do. Old familiar hymns such as "Rock of Ages," "Abide with Me" rang out from our little congregation. After the last prayer, the service concluded by everybody singing. Everywhere from "Among the Free" to "I've Been Working on the Railroad" and "America, the Beautiful" could be heard by passers-by.

"Everyone's spirits were on the rise. . . .

"Well, nothing to do now but light up our new pipes and browse through the Stateside newspapers the Chinese Volunteers have supplied us with. Back home I'd have had chicken for dinner.

"One o'clock now, just finished my second cup of lemonade and now for that chicken soup. Whew! Steaming hot! Just as good as any I ever had at home. What, certainly I'll have another bowl. Someone say dinner is arriving? Back to my place at the table then. From past experience I know the meal will be good, even if it will seem a little plain compared to my usual Thanksgiving Dinner. . . .

"Who would have thought the Chinese volunteers would be able to serve us a meal, even a Thanksgiving Dinner, consisting of stuffed baked chicken, mashed potatoes, boiled carrots, fresh meat salad, green peas, devilled eggs, sliced tangerine slices, pineapple, candy, apples and cookies and fried bread. What a feast! No meal at home could be appreciated more. It seems that everyone has an appetite today. Look at that chicken disappear! The cooks have really outdone themselves in the efforts to turn out a real home-cooked meal. Well, the last bones have been picked clean now and the last cookie eaten.

"Now I'll lean back and enjoy the songs of the 1st Company quartet. These four men would be a hit anywhere, but here at the hospital on Thanksgiving Day they were really. Everyone now joins in "Now Is the Hour" to conclude the programme. Well, after a meal like that, rest and relaxation are called for. And what could be more relaxing than listening to "Blue Danube" and "Old Man River"? Certainly was thoughtful of the volunteers to supply us with a phonograph and records.

"Six o'clock and supper of vegetable stew, bread and those wonderful pork patties.

"Yes, a wonderful conclusion to a wonderful day."

A NOVEL EXPERIENCE

Being a prisoner of war of the Chinese has been a novel experience in many ways. I remember when I was captured, I was standing by a big rock with my hands in the air thinking, "Well! This is it John, as soon as they get around to it they're going to kill you," when some big Chinese officer runs up to me with a pistol in his left hand. Then I knew I'd had it. Instead of shooting me though, he reaches up and grabs my hand and starts shaking it as though I was a long lost brother or something—at the same time, a guy that looks like a 'medico' runs up and slaps a bandage on the wound in my shoulder. And it has been the same ever since. Another thing that's hard to believe is that I've still got the personal belongings that I had when I was captured.

I think the thing about these people that got us the most is the fact that when they tell you something, they stick to it. I can't think of a time they have ever lied to us, or promised us something and then backed out on their promise. For example when we were moving from the front to this camp—they kept telling

us we would receive good food, clothing, tobacco, sugar, medical care, and even toilet articles. Of course, we all thought this was a lot of baloney. After our arrival at this camp though we were given everything that had been promised us, and then some!

I've been a prisoner now for 7 months and it hasn't been bad at all. Not when you consider how P.O.W.s have been treated in previous wars. I'm in excellent health and my wound is all healed, I eat good, have good quarters, have recreation, and entertainment—we even got to see a famous Chinese opera, "The White Haired Girl." We see movies, play basket ball and volley ball—we even play against teams of Chinese. What impresses me the most is the friendly attitude of the Chinese towards us. They gossip with us, play with us, joke with us—we even have a platoon leader we call "Ding How", which means "very good" in English because of the way he fools around with us. This all sounds hard to believe, I suppose, but it's true. and I doubt that there's a man here who doesn't appreciate it and isn't thankful that it's so.

Pfc. John M. McCoy, ER 19244283.



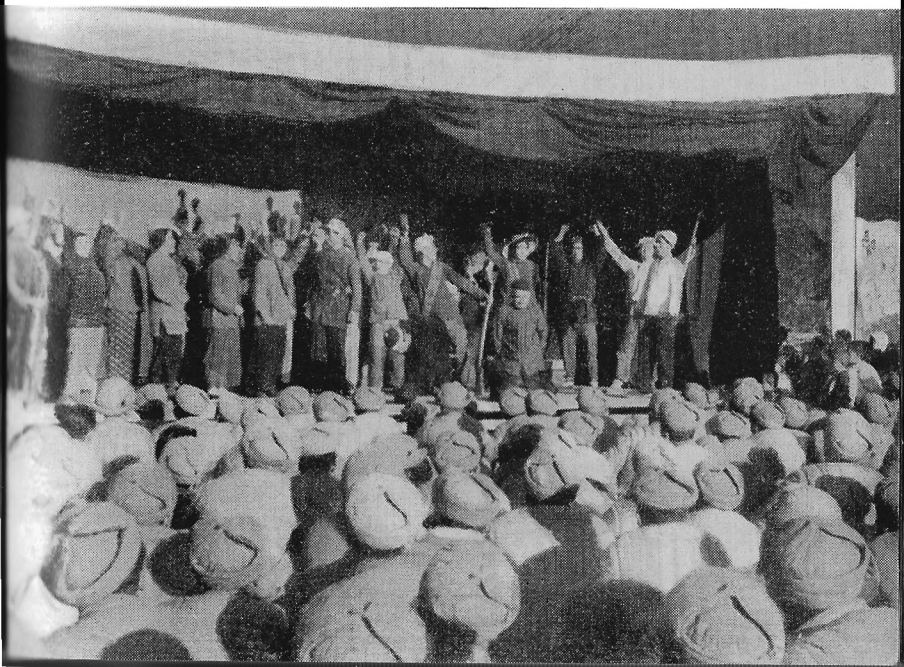
The plenary meeting of the Central Committee of the U.S.-British War Prisoners' Peace Committee on June 30, 1951. Speaker is John P. Porter, (M/Sgt of the U.S. Army), a member of the Central Committee. Below: Ronald Cocks, Vice-President of the Peace Organisation

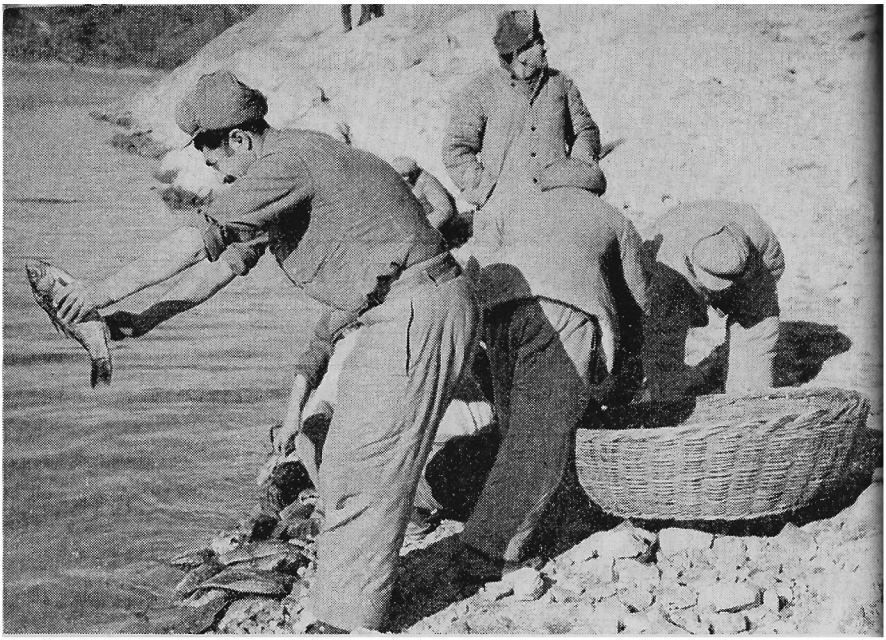




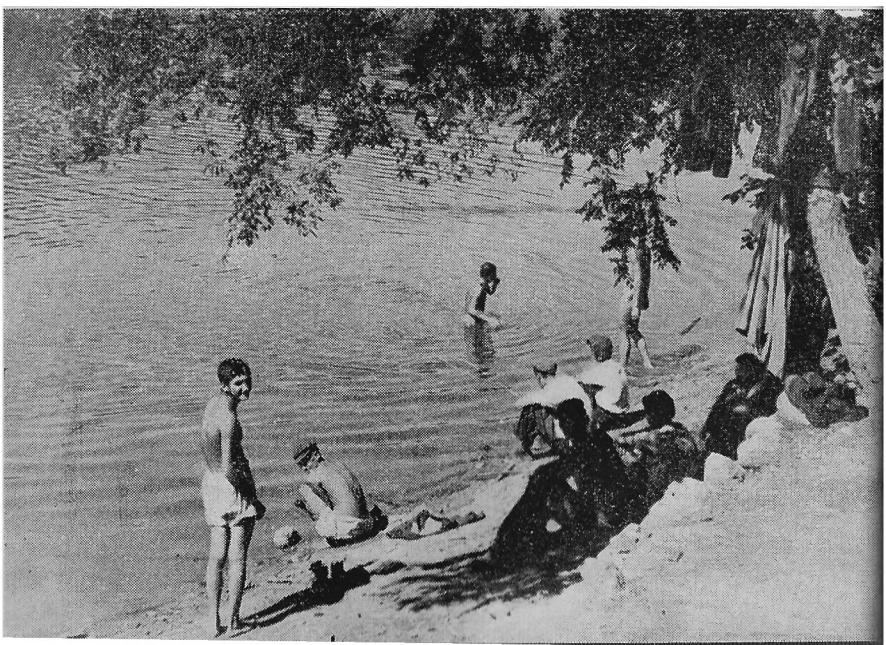
Christmas Day was a festive occasion in the POW camps. Christmas dinner (above) was served with all the usual fare, and a grand concert (opposite) was held in the evening. Above right: A group of POWs put the finishing touches to their Christmas tree

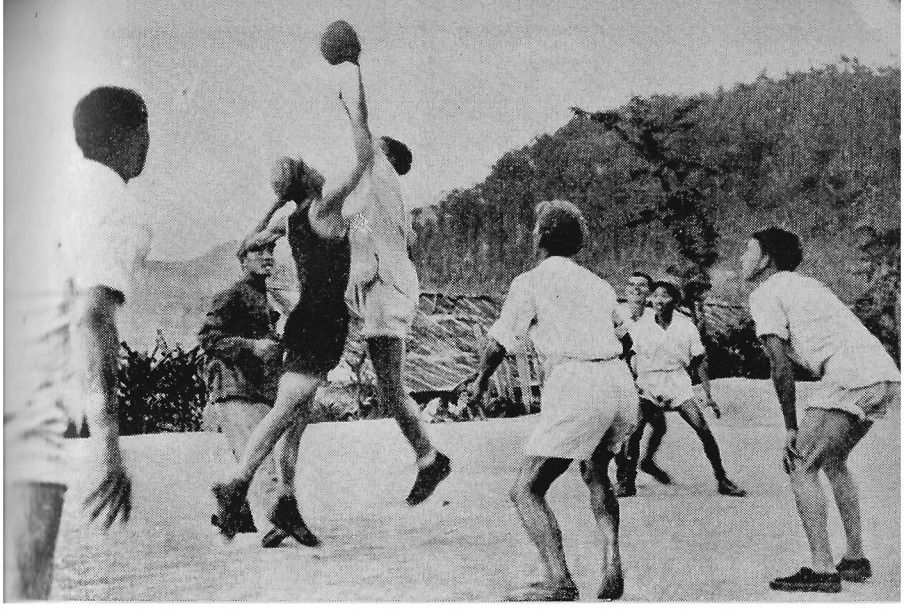




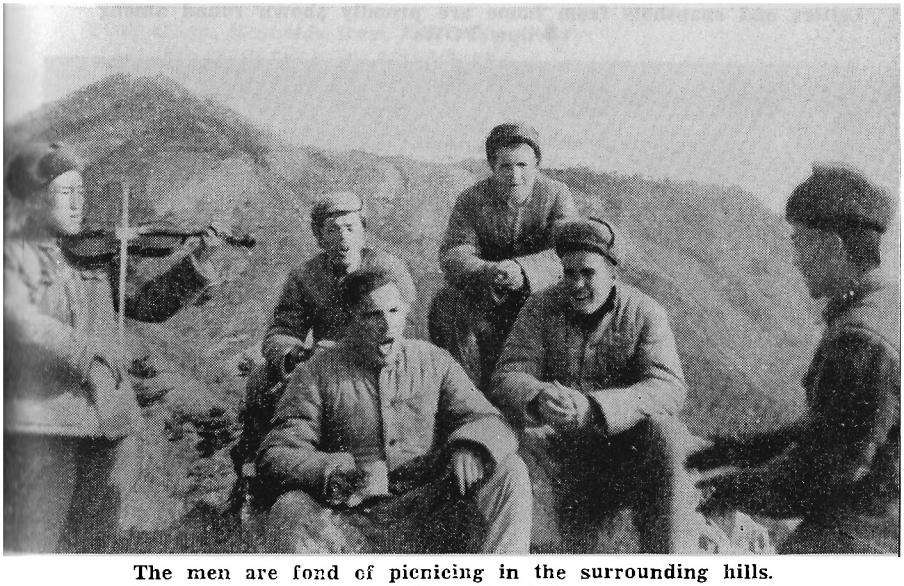


Summer scenes—some like to fish, some to swim. Others, more battle-weary, are content to lie and relax

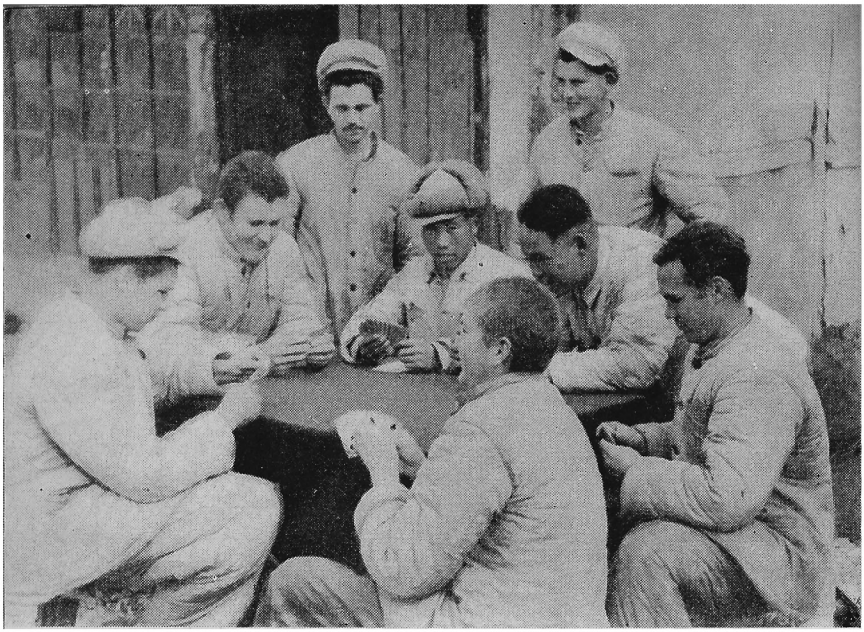




A friendly game of basketball between POWs and officers of the Korean People's Army



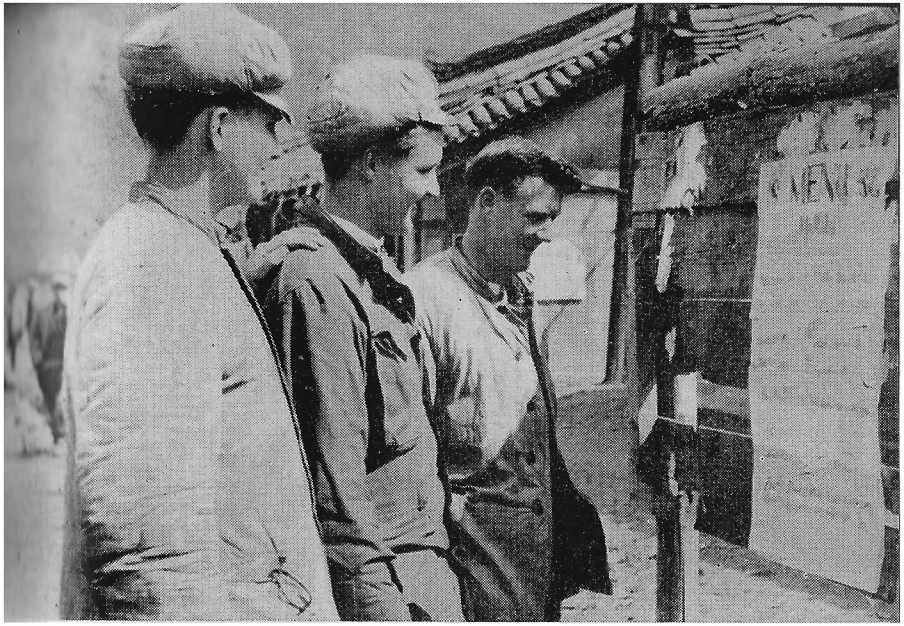
The men are fond of picnicing in the surrounding hills. Here a group rehearse their 'turn' fur a camp concert



British and American POWs play a hand of cards with two volunteers

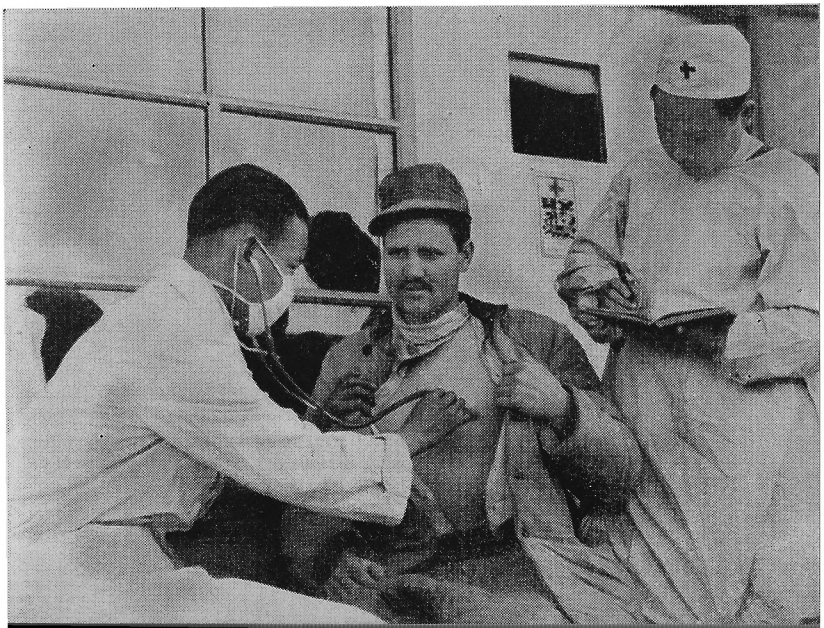
Letters and snapshots from home are proudly shown round among fellow POWs

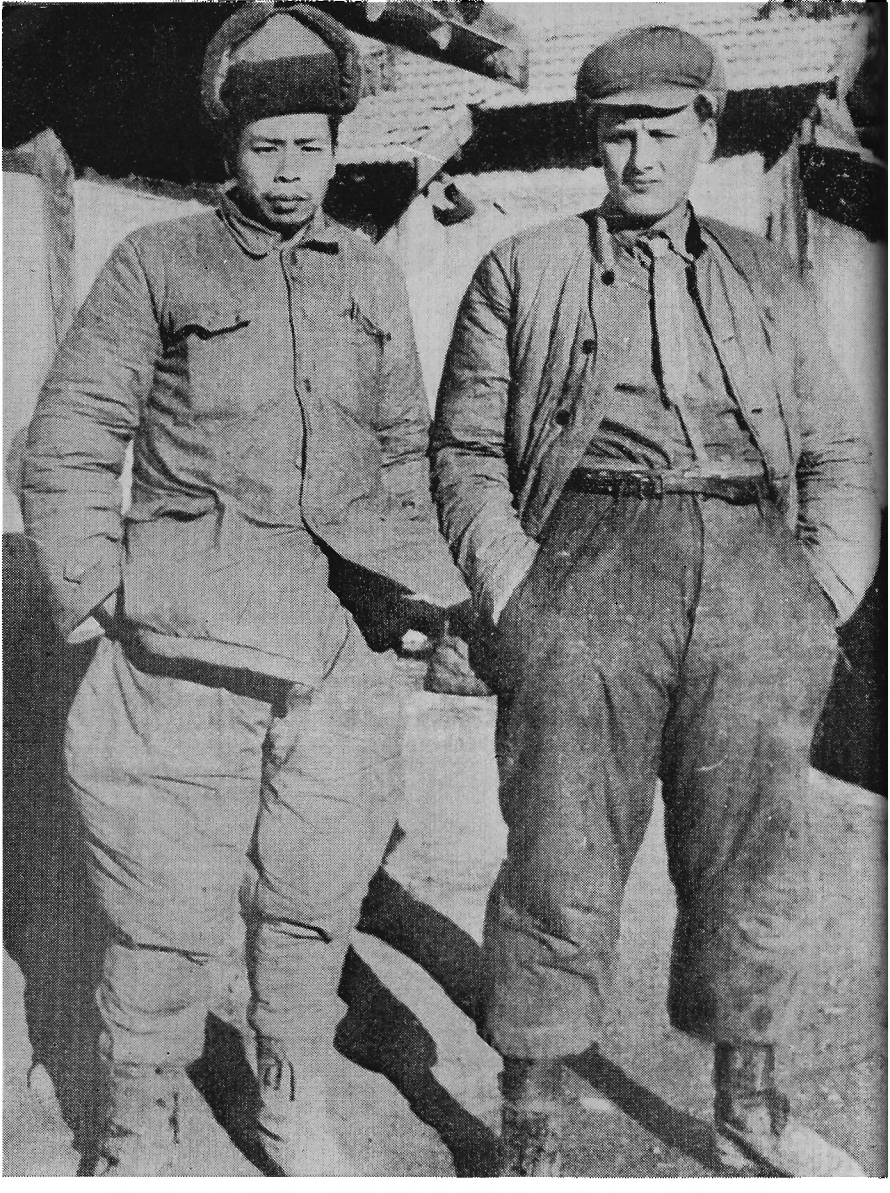




American POWs Byrd, Jeffords and Rippeto examine the menu for their camp dinners

POW Glenn Reynolds from Kentucky visits the camp clinic for a check-up





Dr. Huang (left), well-beloved Chinese volunteer doctor, who has saved the lives of many war prisoners, with Peter Rowley, one of his ex-patients

LETTERS TO THE LOCAL PRESS

(Many P.O.W.s were keen to send letters to their home town newspaper. Below we print two such letters, sent to local papers in America and England. On account of their length both have been abridged.)

The Editor
"Gloucester Citizen and Journal",
St. John's Lane,
Gloucester, Glos,
England

Dear Editor,

We of this camp have been given an opportunity to write a letter to some one outside of our Family group so I am writing to you in the hope that you can publish this letter and give our many friends in Gloucester some idea as to how we live out here.

Firstly I would like to say, this letter has no political significance whatever, it is being written entirely freely and the contents are the truth. Not

only as they affect me but also the other 30 to 40 Gloucester boys with me in this camp.

Since my capture last April I have never once seen or heard of any man being illtreated by the Chinese Volunteers, it is a fact that if physical violence is used against any P.O.W. the volunteer would get into serious trouble for it. On our arrival here we were issued with light cotton trousers, jacket, shirt and shorts, a pair of shoes and a hat. Each man was then issued with two towels, soap, tooth brush and tooth paste. As the year passed and the weather began to get colder, we were all issued with thick cotton-padded trousers, jacket, shoes, hat with ear flaps, thick gloves and linen to make socks with. At the time of writing I am wearing this winter clothing, and believe me it really is warm. We have also been given an enamel mug each and a spoon, which brings me on to the all-important topic of food. To begin with our food is cooked by our own men selected by us to do the job, one of our cooks is Newhouse, previously employed by Weston's Bakery, a native of Bristol Road.

The basic part of our diet is rice, which we eat, boiled or steamed, just as we want it. We can get as much as we want and if it is found to be a little short some more is cooked, no man ever goes short. With this rice we get what we call our side-dishes. These consist of a great variety of food, some of these side-dishes are as follows, beef, pork, vermicelli, cabbage, swedes, turnips, fish boiled or fried in batter, eggs, chicken, bean curd, soy-beans, mushrooms, onions (fried

or boiled), potatoes, and a host of other good things, and don't run away with the idea that we only get a little, four days ago I ate so much pork that it upset my stomach. No doubt the reader will find these things hard to believe, but I beg of you in all sincerity to accept these things, they are facts which your own men will give you when we return home.

Every six days each man is issued with a ration of sugar to eat with his food, or put in his bean milk, a drink which we get every morning. Twice a week we get bread, good white bread, steamed and really delicious. Of great importance to a British soldier wherever he may be is a smoke, and here again the Chinese Volunteers came to the rescue, and we get an issue of four ounces of tobacco every six days, and papers for smoking our cigarettes. About two months ago each man was issued with a pipe, this was a great boon to many pipe smokers.

We sincerely wish you all the best for Christmas and the coming new year. On behalf of the Gloucester lads in this camp I remain,

Yours etc.,
W. H. Smith,

Home Address 3A Widden Street, Gloucester.
Present Address: 5499706 Cpl. W. H. Smith.

No. 3 Prisoner of War Camp,
Democratic People's Republic of Korea,
c/o Committee of Chinese Congress for the Defence of World Peace, Peking, China.

To the Editor,
"The Corbin Times",
Main Street, Corbin,
Kentucky, U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am writing to you as I'm sure that you would like to know a few facts about a P.O.W. Camp in North Korea from a local lad. Firstly, I'd like to introduce myself. My name is Earl R. Smith and my home address is 200, 7th Street, Corbin. I first joined the Army in July 1948 and was posted to the 5th Infantry Division at Fort Jackson, South Carolina where I did my basic training. In February 1949 I was assigned to the 7th Infantry Division which was in Japan. After spending just over two years in Japan I was sent with my outfit to Korea. After participating in the war for a period of three months I was captured by the Chinese Volunteers.

Many people at home have a complete misunderstanding regarding the treatment of P.O.W.'s and this is causing a lot of needless worry for the families of the boys out here. Based on my own experience entirely, I can honestly tell you that the conditions among the P.O.W.'s here are really O.K. We are all getting the best treatment possible and our living standards have improved a great deal since we have been in this camp.

The food situation is as good as possible under our present conditions. Owing to the supply situation

it is surprising just how well we do seem to manage. When you consider that all supplies are brought in from China under the most difficult conditions, it is really quite a remarkable achievement on the part of the Chinese. We have even had wine and some of us managed to get drunk on it. We have elected our own cooks to do the cooking for us the way we like it cooked and no man ever need go short of any item. Our diet consists mainly of steamed rice with side-dishes of meat and vegetables including potatoes, bread —very tasty steamed bread made with white flour as well as barley flour; the meat is pork, and we get a lot of it at that. Also we get fish, beef, eggs and milk made from a kind of bean and cheese. Whichever way you look at it, we are certainly far from being starved. On different celebration days we have had extra large meals consisting of four or even five different courses. These meals have been as much as most of us could eat at any one time. Actually, we get an extra meat and fish ration as well as a sugar ration (white grain sugar) that the Chinese Volunteers do not get. Believe it or not, but our ration scale is larger than our captors for these items. We also get a very fair allocation of tobacco—a whole packet per man every six days.

I am looking forward to the day when I can return to Corbin and can see you personally. Frankly, there have been so many different things done for us, that it is difficult to know quite what to include in this letter. The obvious fact remains that we are being well looked after and our general state of health and morale is

very good indeed. Naturally, I should like to be home right now—particularly for Christmas—but this can't be done just yet. As I said before, we want peace and a real, lasting peace at that. When peace has been achieved we shall all be able to return home to the people we love and hold so dear.

I hope that you will be able to publish this letter in your paper with the certain knowledge that you are printing the truth and nothing but the truth. If you can perform this service for us I shall be very grateful.

Yours sincerely,

Earl R. Smith, RA 15413249
No. 3 POW Camp, North Korea

P.O.W.'s REPLY TO "MASSACRE" CHARGE

When the news about the statement made by Colonel James Hanley of the U.S. 8th Army accusing the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers of wanton massacre and mistreatment of U.N. prisoners of war reached the camps the P.O.W.'s instructed their elected representatives to issue a statement refuting Hanley's charges.

Addressed to the peace-loving peoples throughout the world the statement was drawn up by the Central Committee of the U.S.-British Prisoners of War Peace Organisation, headed by Captain Nugent, and the Peace Committee headed by Lieutenant-colonel Liles, and in the form of a wire-recording was broadcast by Radio Peking. In support of the statement several P.O.W.s described their experiences which were also broadcast. These are given below.

Master Sergeant John P. Porter, Company "C", 24th Infantry Regiment, a member of the Central Peace Committee:

The Chinese Volunteers had surrounded us, within 100 yards. We could hear them shout in broken English, "Don't shoot, we are your friends."

Knowing that we were surrounded, and having many casualties, we decided to surrender. After we surrendered, the Chinese Volunteers were very kind to us, and took only our weapons, never even searched us or took any of our clothes or personal belongings.

Since being captured, I have heard many of my fellow P.O.W.s tell almost the same story, how the Chinese People's Volunteers did everything to avoid killing them when surrounded in battle, and calling the same thing to them, "Don't shoot, we are your friends." The Chinese Volunteers do not know English, but all of them learned these words. The fact that so many P.O.W.s have heard these words just before being captured proves that it is the policy of the Chinese People's Volunteers to try to save our lives.

Can anyone with a clear conscience call this "murder of war prisoners?" I can't.

Rifleman Edward F. Spencer, 1st Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles, 29th British Brigade, a member of the Central Committee:

After capture in the early hours of January 4, 1951, a group of us were walking to a P.O.W. camp in the rear.

While resting one day, I became ill and I knew that walking would cause me a lot of agony. The

Chinese Volunteers (our captors) soon became aware of my condition, they were very concerned and asked me, "Are you sure you can walk tonight?" I was still very much afraid of what might happen to me, if I became separated from the main body. I had heard that I would be killed, I had been told that the Chinese Volunteers thought that the best way to deal with anyone becoming a nuisance was to shoot him. So I very quickly replied "Oh! yes! I can walk alright." But there were some men who said that they could not walk and they were left behind. I continued on my way thinking how foolish they were and convinced I would never see them again.

On arrival at the P.O.W. camp, there were many good things in store for us. The one thing that gave me the greatest delight was the daily issue of pork. I have always been a lover of this, but on the meagre British rations, it is impossible to have pork weekly let alone daily. Also among the good things at the camp were newspapers, it was from one of these that I learned the boys who had said they could not walk and were left behind on the journey had been returned to their own lines and were now at home with their loved ones. I shall always remember the question: Are you sure you can walk tonight?

Can anyone with a clear conscience call this releasing of prisoners "an obvious propaganda attempt to create a favourable atmosphere for future capture," as stated in Hanley's statement? I cannot.

Corporal LeRoy Carter Jr., 503rd Field Artillery Battalion, Second Division, Secretary of the Central Committee:

Once I was sent to another camp. Much to my relief I and many other P.O.W.s were billeted in a small village away from any main roads, where no military targets whatsoever existed.

For these reasons I felt quite safe from American aircraft and I was ever so grateful to my captors for their never ending concern for our personal safety.

Then it happened: Out of a clear blue sky, for no apparent reasons at all came one of the fly boys of Uncle Sam's navy and bombed the P.O.W. camp. However, a few seconds after the explosion of the bomb, while the plane was still buzzing over the area, two Korean People's Army nurses were on the spot to give medical aid.

Yes, we may be slaughtered, at any moment, not by our captors, but by our own planes. How do you like that! How could he see any military target to bomb from the air? I was there on the ground and I'll be doggone if I could see it.

Later we came back to this camp again. Upon arrival I was greeted with familiar voices, but not faces. Chester Jennings, an old friend of mine, greeted me with his fat face and protruding stomach saying, "Don't look puzzled Roy. I'm only 30 pounds heavier than before I got captured." Can anyone with a clear conscience call this "inhumane treatment?" I can't!

Trooper Ronald Cocks, 8th Hussars, 29th British Brigade, Vice-President of the Central Committee:

We were to leave that particular camp that had been our home for over six months.

Six months! During which time our Korean People's Army captors or should I say friends, and we prisoners of war had become so close to each other. Together we had undergone the savage air onslaughts that had destroyed so many villages and farms in our immediate area, including houses in the very village our camp was situated. Together we had volunteered to help the villagers gather in the harvest. Together we had overcome the terrible flood caused by the nearby river during the summer. Together we had been issued cool summer clothing and warm padded uniforms for the winter, ate the same food and smoked the same tobacco.

We had enjoyed the concerts members of the Korean People's Army had put on for our benefit and in turn they had joined in our nightly singsongs and shows we put on in our large club room. Now we had to say goodbye, and although it sounds fantastic I know most of us Americans and British were deeply moved at the prospect that we would probably never see our Korean friends again. We had arrived at this particular camp as captured enemy soldiers. Today we were leaving as close friends and comrades, with happy memories that would forever remain in our hearts.

Our two Korean nurses came over to the vehicles to say a final goodbye. Most of the small detachment of guards that had been with us, joined them, and I could see them handing round cigarettes and shaking hands. I shook their hands with genuine sorrow in my heart. Again I'll ask the same question: "Can anyone with a clear conscience say that this kind of treatment we have received is a Communist atrocity?" I know I cannot!

MORE LIKE BEING A GUEST

A roaring sound suddenly beat on my ear drums as five American jets flashed into view, guns blazing and rockets flashing. Terror filled my being for I well knew the awful havoc these planes could cause and now they were wreaking their vengeance upon the very hill I was on. Fear leapt into my throat like a wild thing as a burning, tearing sensation ripped through my right arm. As quickly as they had came they disappeared leaving a burning landscape behind them. I staggered to my feet, my arm a numb and useless thing dangling at my side. In an effort to calm my nerves I managed to get a cigarette in my mouth and light it. Taking a few quick drags I threw it aside and turned my attention to my wound which was bleeding profusely. I tried to remember the first aid I had been taught, to stop the bleeding and cover the wound. I tried not to be afraid as all my efforts seemed to be in vain. The bandage wasn't big enough to cover the wound and the blood continued to spurt out.

Sounds of voices drifted up to me. Scanning the foot of the hill I saw some men. With rising hopes I called to them rather weakly for I was feeling drowsy from loss of blood. Luck was with me, they climbed rapidly to where I was sitting. As they approached I saw they were not G.I.'s but Chinese. Doubts filled my mind and I began to fear for my safety. These doubts soon vanished as they saw I was injured and they hurried to dress my wound. Finishing that they motioned for me to go with them but I was too weak and was unable to rise. They made no attempt to force me, they simply turned and left. I was convinced that I had been left to shift for myself when a group of Chinese appeared carrying a stretcher. Placing me on the stretcher they moved out swiftly and took me to a safer place to rest and regain my strength.

For two days they attended me there feeding me C-rations which they had captured. I improved to a certain extent but it was obvious that I needed expert surgical and medical attention so I was moved once more further to the rear.

Everything to Help

The day after I reached the hospital I received an operation and my arm was placed in a cast. Life was rather pleasant there despite my wounds except for the repeated air raids.

A month passed by. The doctor and nurses were very good to me. They gave me good food, fruit and candy. It was like being a guest instead of a prisoner

of war. I felt bad when I had to leave for we had become fast friends, but they had decided to send me to the rear-most area where it would be safer and I could be given even better medical aid.

Finally on June 27th, over two months after my capture, I reached a P.O.W. Camp where I was again placed in a hospital where I received one more operation and spent five months there while my wound mended.

On December 6th I was discharged, it is hard to say if my arm will ever be as good as it was but one thing I am certain of. I know the Chinese and Koreans have done everything in their power to help me.

Looking back on all my experiences since my capture it is hard to realize that I once considered the Chinese and Koreans my enemies and all that they have done for me since then has made me ashamed of the antagonistic feelings I once felt towards them. It is impossible to hate some one who does nothing but good for you especially when you see them constantly working to help everyone without discrimination whatever their race, creed or colour. How happy and peaceful the world would be today if everyone in the world would practice this same idea of equality, not only among people but among nations, to form a brotherhood of all mankind with the interest of the common people as its basis and everlasting world peace as its goal.

Glenn G. Pickard
R.A. 16343268
24th Division

LIFE IN THE CAMP HOSPITAL

Wounded or sick P.O.W.s were anxious to inform their families of the treatment which they received and of their progress towards recovery.

Facilities were provided for this in the form of letters and wire-recordings which were broadcast via Radio Peking. Some of these are reproduced below.

Corporal Kenneth L. Eaton, RA 19259491, Tank Co. 3rd Battalion 9th Regt., 2nd Division

I am writing this letter for all the men who came with me to this Chinese hospital. We came here on the 14th of October 1951 and were received warmly by the hospital staff. There was hot food to eat and bedding provided for us immediately upon arrival. We had many men who were very near death, wounded and sick. The hospital staff started giving us medical care that night.

The next day we were provided with three hot meals which were similar to our own American food. We were given strawberry jam, sugar, bread and

tobacco. Also many other things we had not seen for many months. Every morning when we wake, a nurse comes around and gives us all a glass of warm milk.

Our daily menu consists of either beef, pork, or chicken. We also are given a variety of fresh vegetables.

The men who were so sick that they were expected to die were given the best of medical care available, and also a special diet of four to six meals a day.

The doctors and nurses are looking in on us every few minutes day and night, and medicine is given at all hours around the clock.

We are now all on the road to recovery and some of us are getting fat. I myself am very fat and healthy now.

I want to thank all the hospital staff and the Chinese Volunteers for their great lenient policy toward prisoners and for treating them as their own fellow men.

PFC Richard W. Godlewski, RA 12341853, L. Co., 38th Regt., 2nd Div.

I am a POW now in a Chinese hospital. I would like you all to know what good treatment I am receiving from the Chinese people. When I got to this hospital I thought I would be put in a small room and forgotten about. I also figured the food would be very little and not worth eating. But to my surprise, I

found out differently. When I got here I received all the food I could eat and I also received clothing and medical treatment. We get three meals a day including a hot drink before breakfast which is similar to our milk at home. We also receive a dessert in the afternoon like doughnuts, candy and rice pudding. I am very thankful to the Chinese people for all the good food and treatment I am receiving from them.

At one time my life was in danger. I thought I would die for sure. But the Chinese People's Volunteers saved my life for me. And I am very thankful now my health is improving day by day and I am on my way to recovery.

PFC Hjalmer E. Thompson, RA 19361779, G Co., 7th Regt. 3rd Div.

. . . We have bread with our meals at least once a day, sometimes twice a day. We have sweetened milk in the morning. We have had apples, strawberry jam, pumpkin turnovers, sweet rolls, and pork, beef or chicken at least twice a day. The very sick get six meals a day. I myself have gained twenty or more pounds since I've been here.

The medical care is the best I've seen in Korea. These doctors and nurses here have saved many of my friends' lives, and they worry about us all the time, and they are always around to look after us, and help us at all times of the day and night.

I sometimes wonder if I will ever be able to thank the Chinese Volunteers for the very good treatment they have given us.

Pvt Edwin Werth, RA 16332852, 2nd Recon, 2nd Div.

Before we arrived at the hospital it was dark and had no windows. But now they have white-washed the room and put in windows they have made a general improvement of the whole area. They give the real sick and also the ones who can't eat special chow. Over half of the patients who arrived at the hospital have been cured of sickness and combat wounds. Some of them went through a tissue operation and have shown surprising results. For instance, some of the sick men after the operation began to gain weight and an appetite and now are the healthiest men in the hospital.

I think that if the doctors and nurses of the Chinese Volunteers forces keep up such good work many more patients' lives will be saved. I wish to thank all the doctors and nurses for doing such a wonderful job.

Edward R. Evans, PFC RA 16279934

The food in the hospital is prepared as close to American food as much as possible.

Some of the dishes are rice and a side dish of potatoes and gravy for breakfast and for lunch we would receive bread and a rich pork broth with pork patties mixed with eggs.

And in the mid-afternoon we may receive a dessert of one of the following, apples, doughnuts, candy or rice pudding. Supper we receive sugar-filled bread with a vegetable gravy with beef, pork or chicken. And before bed time they would bring a poached egg or tea for stomach patients. On cold evenings they put a fire in the fireplace and heat up the floor. Each room was given a deck of cards and a few novels to read, they also brought up a phonograph for us to listen to. I can personally say that I have received wonderful medical treatment considering the fact that there is a war still on.

PFC William K. Dillon, US 52020735

I have taken the tissue operation. It has really helped me a lot. I couldn't sleep at nights for coughing and couldn't eat. I had a bad case of asthma, but now I am well on my way to recovering.

We are provided with plenty of reading material, which consists of some very interesting books and novels. We also have games to play for pastime. We get a tobacco issue once a week. We were issued towels, soap, tooth brush, tooth paste, and a nice clean uniform, all these things we were in great need of and greatly appreciate.

The nurses are always working. They are carrying us hot water, wood for the fires which they build when it's cold. They sweep our rooms often.

I want to thank all the hospital staff for their wonderful work and good treatment.

2nd Lt. Ray M. Dowe, O-62650

As a volunteer in Korea, it has been under Dr. Yea's capable direction that hospital improvements have been made and the lives of many prisoners saved in this prisoner of war camp.

Many were the instances I personally witnessed, in which Dr. Yea sat beside a patient in a critical condition for several hours directing the administration of intravenous feedings, hypodermics, and medicines until the critical condition had passed.

So conscientious was this man in his work, that he literally worked himself sick. He would arrive at the hospital about 7 in the morning and make his final rounds of the patients at about 9 at night.

Dr. Yea's faith in the common people; his diligent labour on their behalf; and his great love of peace make this great humanitarian hero a striking and interesting personality.

Another fine personality who came to Korea with a volunteer hospital medical team is a professional nurse. Her name is Mrs. Yi. She is the mother of three grown children.

In this prisoner of war camp the saving of many lives and recovery of many more have been directly aided by the work of this remarkable woman. She would win the hearts of her patients by her cute, happy manner and gentle, mother-like treatment. Often she would talk on and on in Chinese; and, although the

patient understands nothing she says, he would understand her eventually through her signs and gestures. She is greeted by the patients in every room she passes with "Mamason, Ding How!" Her constant work also serves as an inspiration and example to her fellow nurses.

These two friends of American prisoners and friends of all common people are real heroes of the Chinese Volunteers; and they also serve as an excellent example to their comrades.

In a Christmas message broadcast by Radio Peking, a Corporal tells his parents of his treatment in the P.O.W. camp hospital.

Corporal Frank J. Kaiser, R.A. 13347441, to his Mom and Dad at 15 Meminger Lane, Wheeling, W. Virginia:

"I have just recently returned from the hospital in our camp. I am now feeling fine and I hope all of you are in good health. I think you will be interested in knowing about the fine and friendly care I received while I was sick.

"First of all, I was given special food which consisted of eggs, fruit and very rich chicken, beef and other meat broth until I was again able to take the solid diet. Everyday the doctor would come around and check each individual patient to see if his condition had improved. Then he was given medicine several times a day according to his needs. The doctor and other members of the staff are very friendly and cater

to each patient's particular desire and necessities. Many of the men in the hospital cause themselves needless sickness because they worry too much about what is happening at home, and one doctor, his name is Dr. Huang, does his best to talk to the men and ease their minds. Many times, when I was feeling bad and kind of homesick, I would sit in his room and talk with him, and when I left I would always feel better.

"I hope you and all the family have a Happy New Year and a Merry Christmas, with best wishes for the year."

[Private Ken Smith, 22530098, a British P.O.W. to his father, Mr. F. Smith, 51 Denbigh Street, Victoria, London, S. W. 1:

"I'm a P.O.W. in the very good hands of the Chinese People's Volunteers, as you will see as I go further. The best way is to give a description of what it's like here in the hospital.

"At eight o'clock, I'm woken up with a bowl of steaming-hot milk and the day begins. Then Susy, that's what we call one of the Korean nurses, will bring round hot water for us to wash or to wash those unable to wash themselves.

"When we've finished our breakfast, the patients with dysentery get theirs, they are on a liquid diet that is nothing but broth and juices, no solid food. I remember when I was on that diet, Dr. Huang caught me eating rice. Dr. Huang is the head doctor here,

and if you hold anything back from him he jumps on you like a ton of bricks and he's got a clever way of finding things out.

"Like I said, he caught me eating rice when I had dysentery and should have been on liquid diet. I told the doctor that I was better, because I wanted the midday meal, pork! Well, I got it. I also got worse, too. Next morning, I was afraid to tell him. I knew he would be mad, but he found out and he criticised me for over half an hour. I didn't know he was so concerned about me.

"Next thing is that Dr. Huang makes his rounds, he asks how I feel and I tell him that I feel a bit weak in the legs still and he tells me that he will soon get me strong again, and I know he will, too. We all have great faith in him.

"After this, I always roll a cigarette and wait for the medicine to come. Talking of tobacco, we get a very good ration here, a box between three men every two days. I find it ample, and I'm a heavy smoker.

"When the nurse has finished giving out the medicine, I either sleep or discuss what we will have for dinner. Sometimes we get pork, chicken, beef or fish and we always get plenty of broth with it. What more can one ask for? That and three bowls of rice will fill any man.

"The evening meal is generally over by about 5:30 or 6:00 and we settle down for the night. Some play cards, others read. We have a very good library, so we never get a dull moment. Once a week we put on a concert party and we get peaches and pears. In all, we have a very good time.

"Now I will close but I leave it to you to decide whether I'm in good hands or not, and I know what your answer will be, definitely 'yes'."

APPENDICES

THE FOREIGN PRESS ON P.O.W. TREATMENT

Vancouver Daily Province

Oct. 22, 1951

. . . On dozens of occasions the Chinese have permitted wounded American prisoners to return to their lines. At other times, when wounded men were unable to move and the Chinese were unable to carry them, they have left them behind with a white flag to mark their whereabouts for advancing American troops.

On some occasions Chinese troops have held their fire while Americans rescued wounded comrades. This happened last winter in the Chosin reservoir when U.S. marines went out on the ice to evacuate dead and wounded soldiers who had been caught by an ambush. . . .

Why the Chinese treat Allied prisoners as well as they do is a subject widely discussed.

. . . But whatever the reason, American foot soldiers are grateful.

U.S. POWs Freed

(AP) John Randolph, on the Western Front, Korea, May 5—15 U.S. soldiers captured by the Communists a week ago, returned to Allied lines Friday night and told of being interviewed by a Chinese general. The men said they were well-treated and were liberated twice, the second time after they were accidentally re-captured.

"They treated us pretty well, especially after we were moved back from the frontline troops", said a soldier from Baltimore.

"The best one of all was the Chinese general we met—he was a big chunky man and very well dressed. He didn't speak English and used an interpreter. He asked us a lot about our family lives. I guess he was the one who made the decision to let us go." The 15 were survivors of a party of infantrymen who were trapped by the Chinese.

After their interview with the Chinese general the men were given safe-conduct passes and sent south in a truck. Then they were told how to reach the allied lines by making a left turn.

They were confused in the dark, took a right turn and blundered back into North Korean lines. The North Koreans read their passes but sent the GIs back

to the Chinese—who sent them back on the right road again. They reached an outpost after dark last night and were immediately taken over by American officers.

London Times

May 17, 1951

Prisoners' Treatment

Eight American and two Turkish soldiers, who were captured by the Chinese on April 25, were recently released on condition that they would never again fight the Chinese people. They said that they had been well treated. Two British soldiers who escaped after capture, release, and recapture, said also that they had been given good treatment.

Stars And Stripes

March 15, 1951

5 Freed Yank POWs Walk Into UN Lines

With IX Corps (UP)—

5 American soldiers released by Chinese reached 1st Marine outposts Monday after walking from the North Korea capital of Pyongyang. . . .

The officers said the Chinese gave them safe-conduct passes. During their journey southward, the Americans found the Chinese considerate and even helpful. . . .

Stars And Stripes

March 19, 1951

WOUNDED GIs REACH LINES

Central Front (AP)—

Sixteen wounded American survivors of the Chinese ambush in "massacre valley" north of Hoengsong walked safely into United Nations lines Sunday.

A 17th died before he could be rescued, an American division spokesman said.

All were members of the U.S. 2nd Division elements caught in the Chinese ambush north of Hoengsong Feb. 12.

The spokesman said all of the members of the group had received medical attention from the Chinese.

The rescued prisoners said that when the Chinese left them three days ago, presumably in a retreat to the north, they left behind food for the wounded.

A wounded man who was still able to walk said the Chinese had planned on returning the wounded to American lines by truck, but an Allied airstrike caught the trucks and disabled them.

London Times

May 3, 1951

QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT

Major Beamish (Lewes, C.) asked if there was any further information about the way the Chinese Com-

munist forces were treating prisoners of war, and if there was any proper liaison with the Red Cross.

Mr. Shinwell said that he had no official information, but he had read reports from men who had returned to our lines that while they were in the custody of the Communist forces they were, on the whole, well treated. He had no information about the International Red Cross.

New York Times

Nov. 23, 1950

Yongbyon, Korea, Thursday Nov. 23—(Reuter)

Twenty-seven wounded American prisoners were released yesterday. . . . The men reported that they had been well fed and well treated.

New York Times

May 26, 1951

On the Central Front, Korea, May 25 (AP)—Eighteen marines and one U.S. soldier, thin, dirty and hungry returned today to U.S. lines after six months of Communist imprisonment and marches over most of North Korea.

They were captured last Dec. 2 during the bloody fighting at Changjin Reservoir in Northeast Korea. . . .

They said that, for the most part, they were well treated by the Chinese. They said that the Chinese

gave them a Christmas party of sorts, including candy and Christmas tree.

Saturday Evening Post

Aug. 25, 1951

A Saturday Evening Post editor in Korea got this eyewitness account from 19 American marines who were released after being held prisoner for 6 months.

. . . all of a sudden, all along the railroad bank and across the narrow road and on the hills beyond, the Chinese stood up. They were on every side, some of them only twenty feet away.

Harrison sat numb for a moment; then he took the bolt from his carbine and threw it away and rose and began to walk unsteadily to the road. A Chinese soldier with a rifle ran toward him and he stopped, but the Chinese ran up smiling and grabbed Harrison by the hand, shaking it and slapping him on the back.

. . . Soon, assembled on the road in the little group were 143 men who were able to walk. And then the Chinese, hastily, for fear the planes would come, marched them back up into the hills off the road, where there were a few little houses. There they were crowded inside, and the Chinese brought them cans of American tomatoes, and they stood there, eating the tomatoes from the cans, nobody saying anything. When the men had eaten, the Chinese searched them, just patting their pockets for weapons, but they left them their watches and their rings and fountain pens.

. . . The speaker, . . . told them that they were not to speak of themselves as prisoners. They were "newly liberated friends" and should refer to themselves as such. The Chinese, the speaker said, were not angry at them for being in Korea, for the Chinese realised it was not their fault. They had been duped by their aggressive, capitalistic, warmongering leaders. They therefore would be treated with kindness. But if they disobeyed the rules laid down for newly liberated friends, they would be severely punished. They would be made to stand at attention or they would be rebuked in front of their fellows—to a Chinese this might be severe punishment, but to a marine who has ever been reprimanded by a drill instructor at boot camp, it would probably lack bite or sting. . . .

The marines said later that the Chinese adhered to this policy and, so far as they knew, never struck, beat or in any way physically maltreated a prisoner.

LETTERS TO POW's

(AFP) LONDON, March 29—British General Post Office in a communique today announced it was possible to write to U.N. soldiers captured in Korea. Exempted from postage letters would be sent by air-mail and should be addressed as follows: Number, rank, name of prisoner, Camp of Military Prisoners, care of Chinese Committee of World Peace Congress. Peking, China.

HOW AMERICANS TREAT PRISONERS

The way American forces treat Korean P.O.W.s stands out in stark contrast to the way P.O.W.s are being treated by the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers.

The Nodong Sinmum, leading Korean newspaper, published in Pyonyang, has printed many eye-witness accounts of the brutalities and atrocities committed against Korean P.O.W.s. We give here three such instances which were reprinted in the Peking People's Daily.

How Kim Sung Tai Was Treated

I was taken prisoner this May during the defence of a height in the Hoengsong area on the eastern front. On the day of my capture, the Americans, after suffering a setback the previous day, massed a still greater force and mounted a fresh attack with tank and aircraft support. In the hand-to-hand fight that followed, a hand grenade exploded near me and I lost consciousness. When I came to, I felt excruciating pain all over my body. Several American soldiers were kicking

me with their heavy boots. I was bleeding freely, grenade splinters having lodged in my left arm and both shoulders.

I looked around and saw eight comrades as badly wounded as I. Seeing me twist about, an American monster kicked me in the face savagely. Two of my teeth were knocked out and blood trickled from my mouth. Then, three or four American gangsters started mauling and kicking me as they yelled, "We'll beat the life out of you!" Other captured comrades were similarly maltreated. Later on, the American fiends seized us nine badly wounded captives by the nape of the neck, forced us to our feet and by prodding us with gun butts drove us before them.

Two of our number, with severe leg wounds, could stumble along no farther. The American butchers grabbed them by their clothes, dragged them along a few steps and shot them.

When we got to the American "headquarters" after a 15-kilometre march, we were more dead than alive. Two died that very night.

Another comrade and I were flung into a dark, dank cellar. Denied even a drop of water, we were inhumanly tortured. The devils poked open our wounds with bayonets and lashed us unmercifully.

One day I was hauled out of the cellar. A scoundrel, an officer, I imagine, drew a circle over my breast. Then I was loaded in a truck together with some 10 civilian prisoners and driven south. I had

the ominous foreboding that we were to be used either for bacteriological or anatomical experiments. I determined to escape.

As the truck crossed a bridge, I jumped into the river, and swam under the surface. The amazed Americans fired blindly into the water. I did not attempt to go ashore until I was about three kilometres downstream. I hid in the hills, and was rescued by a scouting party of our army three days later.

How Chio Han Tsun Was Treated

I lost consciousness from a shrapnel wound. When I came to, I found myself a prisoner together with two of my comrades. American and Rhee gangsters showed no little cruelty to us who were badly wounded, helpless captives. They kept cursing and kicking us with their heavy boots.

We were escorted to the enemy headquarters. On our way, one of us three, hobbling along because wounded in the leg, fell behind very frequently. An American G.I. grew impatient, unslung his automatic rifle and shot the lagging comrade dead.

At last we two arrived at the enemy headquarters. Then we were summoned before two American officers. After a little interrogation, they somehow got exasperated. One of them pulled out his pistol and shot my comrade in cold blood.

I was driven off in a truck to a large building, something like a warehouse, surrounded with several

rings of barbed wire entanglements and heavily guarded. I got a feeling of the building being a slaughter-house, so strong an odour of blood assailed my nostrils as I entered.

I was flung into a dingy, gloomy room packed full of peasants, women, children and old men. My wound was getting more and more painful, and I tried to lie down in a corner to rest. But I felt I was on top of something wet and sticky. Looking closer, I was horrified to discover that it was a human being drenched in blood.

About midnight I was dragged off to a "trial room." It was a ghastly place. A man of about 25 and a woman of about 20 were sprawled out on the floor in pools of blood. They looked as though they were dead. Littered around were nothing but water buckets, whips, clubs, stoves with iron rods on them and various new-fangled electric apparatus—all torture appliances.

My trial was short enough. After a brief query about my name, age, address and so on, the "gendarme" began to lash me frantically. Having had enough of whipping me, he resorted to kicking. Finally the butcher burned my body with red-hot irons until I lost consciousness. The next day I was treated in a like manner. On the third day my head was badly hurt and five of my teeth were knocked out.

Some two weeks later I was put on a truck with some other prisoners. I overheard that we were being

taken to a war prisoners' camp in the South. The idea of trying to escape sprang to my mind. Dusk had fallen. The truck was moving up a slope, and was slowing down a bit. Chosing my moment, I leaped off and dashed away. The guards dare not halt and give chase, probably for fear that other captives might also get away. They could do nothing but fire wildly in my direction. After a few days' trudging, I managed to slip through an enemy cordon, came across a scouting party of our army and was brought back to our rear.

How Hung Ki Man Was Treated

I was taken prisoner on the eastern front after being badly wounded. I was flung into a U.S. army war prisoners' camp at Taejon together with five of my comrades. On our way to Taejon, we had a foretaste of American P.O.W. policy in the insults and mauling to which we were subjected by our G.I. escort.

The day after our arrival in the camp, we were herded into the "trial room." American gangsters beat us and tried to force us to our knees before the "interrogating officer." My wound made it impossible for me to perform this humiliating act. Taking this as a sign of my defiance, the cut-throats were enraged, and dragged me off to a torture chamber. What a harrowing sight! A middle-aged man, blood flowing from his bruised mouth, was being savagely flogged. In excruciating pain, he groaned and screamed as the guards inflicted sadistic torture. Wrath flushed my face at this brutality. One of the gangsters, observing

my revulsion, sneered gloatingly, "Just wait till your turn comes, my lad."

Can one describe such torment! My body was aflame with biting lash blows. When unconsciousness gave me momentary surcease, my tormentors dashed cold water on my face to revive me for another session of hellish misery. After what seemed an eternity, I was dumped into the prison yard more dead than alive.

This shambles which was called a camp confined many Korean civilians. Not a day passed but American butchers dragged some of my countrymen out of the cells and flogged them to death or executed them outright. Cruelties imposed upon women were even more monstrous. Rape, by comparison, would be a peccadillo. Every day, women were mutilated. Their breasts, arms or legs were hacked off. The shrill, hoarse screams of agony torn from these women in their torture almost drove us mad at our helplessness to snatch them from their monstrous captors. Male prisoners were compelled to witness these revolting bestialities which were climaxed by the guards pouring gasoline over the women and burning them to death.

About a week after my capture, the Americans escorted 30 of us to the front and put us on a height. They laid mines around us and forced us to cry for help. Their vicious hope was that men of the Korean People's Army or the Chinese People's Volunteers might be lured by our cries to attempt a rescue action and be blown up with us. As I later learned, a

company of enemy troops lay in ambush behind the height expecting our rescuers. Their ruse failed. Instead of doing their bidding, we shouted: "Keep away, comrades! This place is mined!" The American gangsters shot 15 of us in retaliation.

As we survivors stumbled back to the concentration camp under enemy escort, machine-guns suddenly chattered on all sides. Our troops in ambush were making a surprise attack. Our men wiped out an entire enemy company and brought us 15 survivors back to our own lines.